The Liberalist

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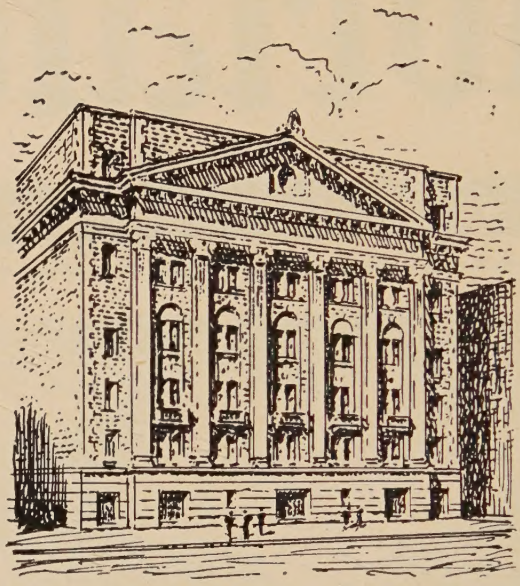
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Were thanks with every gift expressed,
Each day would be Thanksgiving;
Were gratitude its very best,
Each life would be thanksliving.

—Chauncey R. Piety

(From "Poems for the Great Days", Clark and Clark)



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

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ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

We are late with The Liberalist this month and the fault is entirely my own. All of the other copy, which is the responsibility of Miss Smalley in preparing, was ready in plenty of time. The last three weeks have been, it seems to me, almost the busiest I have ever known. I have had considerable traveling to do in order to fulfill commitments, and every moment in Chicago has been taken with speaking engagements, sick calls and the many activities which command my life. One ought never to apologize, as someone has said, for your friends do not need it, and your enemies won't believe it; nevertheless an apology is due you, my reader, for our magazine being a little late.

* * *

We have had a most wonderful month in the church. All of the organizations are now on the full winter schedule, the Sunday evening services have been resumed, and the Wednesday evening Book Lectures. This schedule will be maintained until Easter day. The inspiring congregations, the many evidences of co-operation, and willingness to work on the part of members and friends, is a constant encouragement to me.

I am planning to make every service an experience. The whole life of the church seems to have been revitalized and reinvigorated.

The results of placing our visitor's register in the main floor foyer has been a revelation to me. We have had as high as 31 states and four foreign countries represented at one service, and 22 denominations. It has given us a better understanding of the wide range of people who attend our services. We are not seeking for uniformity but for unity. There has not been a service this year when our register has not shown that Roman Catholics, Lutherans, people of Jewish faith, and Christian Scientists were registered as attending the service. As yet I haven't found anyone registering who has put the word "atheist" after their name; but we would be glad to welcome them even though they signed as such.

All of the church organizations have had their opening programs and all report most auspicious beginnings.

The principles for which our church stands are based upon eternal truths and the response which we receive is evidence that people are seeking that which will deepen and strengthen the foundations of their lives. We have no place for theological bickerings and ecclesiastical harangues. Religion is not an argument; it is an announcement. It is not a creed or a church; it is a life. I am deeply gratified at the many evidences of encouragement and the promotion of our work which come to me almost daily.

We look forward to the Christmas season as the happiest time in the church year and in our individual lives, and it is none too early for each of us to begin building for the full appreciation of what the season signifies. Christmas day will not dawn a day of happiness unless we have made preparation many, many days before the day itself arrives.

We are planning a beautiful Christmas number and are already working on it.

* * *

Only those whose work requires a great amount of traveling can appre-

ciate what it means to be a guest in a hotel which specializes in making the patrons comfortable in homelike environment. Hotel management has developed now to the extent that there are even university courses given for young men who are thinking of hotel work as a career. I have spent a great amount of time in my life in hotels on both sides of the Atlantic. I could write a book on my experiences and my reactions. I think I told you once before of my experience with the Roosevelt Hotel in New Orleans, and of the personality who directs its operation, Col. Seymour Weiss; and of experiences I have had with other hotels in many parts of the country. They have been so pleasant I hesitate to mention one to the exclusion of many, many others, but I had such an experience the other night when I was speaking at a banquet in the Hotel Faust, in Rockford, Illinois, that I cannot refrain from telling you about it.

I arrived at Rockford just in time to attend the banquet of the Business and Professional Woman's Club of the City. I was somewhat delayed because I had stopped to see the little woman who is as near a saint as anyone on this earth,—Miss May L. Ferguson, of Belvidere, just a few miles from Rockford. Miss Ferguson is now in her 53rd year which she has spent in bed. She fell from a load of hay on her father's farm when she was a fifteen-year-old girl and has never walked a step since. I was so glad to see her because of the inspiration which she brings to me, that I delayed longer than I should have done. Ten minutes in her presence is a benediction for me which always lasts until I am able to see her again.

I registered at the Hotel Faust, was assigned a room by the desk clerk, my baggage was taken to the room and I went immediately to the banquet. When I came out from the banquet which was held in the hotel, Mr. J. V. Carroll, the Assistant Manager of the Hotel, said to me, "Dr. Bradley, your room has been transferred to another location in the hotel." I told him that was unnecessary because I was very comfortable where I was. But he said "No, we want you to be our guest where we have now assigned you." I went to my new room and found a suite which was the most attractive I have ever seen in any hotel anywhere in the world. It was done in soft shades of blue and gold, with the most comfortable modern Swedish furniture one could imagine: a radio and television set, an attractive writing desk, an indescribably comfortable bed, and all furnished in such exquisitely good taste that I just sat down for a moment and tried to absorb the beauty and the restfulness of this suite.

If you are ever in Rockford and find the time, stop in at the Faust Hotel and ask to be shown this apartment. It is not overdone, but indicates that whoever was responsible for it was a person of refinement and good taste.

The next morning when I met Mr. A. E. Dufenhorst, President of the Hotel Faust Company and Managing Director, and Mr. Frank H. Sweeney, the Manager, they told me that President Eisenhower, during the campaign occupied this apartment, and that it has been the temporary home of men and women whose names are known internationally. The atmosphere of the hotel and the graciousness of all the employes will never be forgotten, particularly the bellboy, who found somewhere for me a bottle of delicious buttermilk (my favorite beverage) when all the eating places in the hotel were closed.

Sometimes the expression "guest" in

a hotel is a misnomer. It never is in the Hotel Faust and my appreciation was so great that I couldn't refrain from telling you about it. If the men responsible for running hotels in this country could go and spend one day at the Faust, in Rockford, or the Roosevelt, in New Orleans, or the Commodore, in New York, or the Congress Hotel, here in Chicago, where the impact of the fine personality of Mr. Leonard Hicks is felt everywhere, there would never be any complaints from the travelling public.

* * *

I devoted recently a Sunday morning sermon to my experience at the Albert Schweitzer College in Churwalden, Switzerland. I titled the sermon "I Go To College." I have had so many letters in response to the sermon and broadcast that I thought I would give you some added information in this "Along the Way." If the many inquiries which I have received from young people are any indication, there will be several American students at the college next summer.

The idea to found the Albert Schweitzer College first occurred to Professor Hans Casparis, of Chur, Switzerland. Prof. Casparis had had a distinguished career as a Swiss clergyman and educator. He was a student here in Chicago at Meadville and the University of Chicago when I first met him. He frequently attended our services. On his return to Switzerland the idea which is now finding fulfillment grew steadily upon him. I met him often at the International Congresses, in Oxford, England, and in Amsterdam, and always attempted to encourage him with his dream. It finally developed to the point where Dr. Casparis felt something definite could be begun.

Before this he had been in correspondence with Dr. Albert Schweitzer and explained to Dr. Schweitzer his dream and his hope. Dr. Albert Schweitzer wrote Prof. Casparis the following letter:

"I find the idea of creating a college according to the principles laid down by yourself and the members of your association an excellent one, and you Swiss are just the right people to carry through a job of this sort. And today, when a dogmatism foreign to its nature has gained such ground in Protestantism that men are beginning to regard Liberalism as a thing of the past, it is particularly salutary that yours will be an institution based on the free religious ethical spirit. I have of course already heard of the work which you are doing and my heart is with you in it. I admire the spirit in which you are setting about it. That the institute should carry my name is to me a sign of your sympathy and of the confidence you place in me. You know me well enough to know that I prefer to be in the background rather than in the foreground, but when after mature consideration you give expression to the wish that the college should carry my name, I can do nothing else but regard what you are doing as a great honor to me, and declare myself accordingly in agreement. Please accept my hearty thanks for it! It gives me great pleasure to hope to witness the fruition of the work you are beginning. With the warmest thanks to you and to all those who work with you on the project.

Sincerely yours,

Albert Schweitzer.

Prof. Casparis lived in Chur, Switzerland, during the war, and met soldiers and civilians from all the warring nations and was more impressed by their common humanity than by their national differences. Then shortly after the war he studied for a year in the

Chicago University and saw much of value in American educational methods and the American approach to life. He became conscious of the need to find an international study center at which young adults from all nations could learn to know each other and study together the social, religious and political problems which are in the world today, and which so often give rise to destructive attitudes. He quickly received support for his ideas from the liberal protestant ministers and laymen in Graubunden and Switzerland.

In 1949 he was a delegate to a joint conference in Amsterdam between the International Association for Religious Freedom and the International Religious Fellowship. It was at that conference that I talked the matter over with Prof. Casparis. Some members of the adult section of this conference gave their support to the idea, and the youth section, which had been getting into difficulties with certain international and social problems and with differences in theological opinion, and was in consequence feeling keenly the need for a center devoted exclusively to their study and discussion, welcomed the idea of the college at once. Since then support for the college has been coming steadily from Holland, Switzerland, England and America.

In 1950, 1951 and 1952 twelve-day study courses were held in Klosters, Graubunden, and soon the resolution was taken to make a start, however small, in a building belonging to the college, in the summer of 1953.

The Kurhaus Krone, in Churwalden, was selected as a suitable building, and purchased on May 1st, 1953. This building was formerly a beautiful Swiss hotel, and Americans who have traveled in Switzerland know what that means.

Churwalden is only six miles from the City of Chur, at an altitude of 4,000 feet. The climate is equal to that of the best known Swiss tourist resorts. Summers are cool and usually the mountain peaks are covered with snow. We were there in August and the mountain peaks around our hotel were covered with snow.

Before the war Churwalden was rapidly becoming a tourist town, but after the war the tourist trade passed it by in favor of the better known resorts. The little town was left with a surplus of hotels that made it possible for the Albert Schweitzer Association to obtain a thirty-room hotel on terms which made the venture practical. The college will have the use of recreational facilities and a small chapel. This chapel is located directly across the street from the college and is an attractive, quaint and historic little building.

My visit to the college and the experiences which I had there with the students and with the other members of the faculty convinces me that the college has a great future and occupies a distinct need in our tortured world. I met students from Holland, Germany, France, Switzerland, Great Britain and America, and shared the program with the distinguished scholar Prof. Victor Murray, Principal of Chestnut College, Cambridge; and Mr. Renee Smith, former member of Parliament and known throughout Europe for his humanitarian services and his profound spiritual perception. The students and the college lecturers all live under the same roof and eat at the same tables. It is a technique of education which has never been improved upon. The personal contacts are the most important of all.

There were several denominations represented, including one fine Roman Catholic student. Several European colleges and universities were represented. Each day started with the lec-

tures after breakfast, and the students had a mid-day interval. Then in the afternoon they met in their own seminars, in which they analyzed the lectures they had heard, and agreed upon the questions which should be asked of the lecturer after the dinner hour. The opportunities for mountain climbing, hiking, swimming and various games made a day which contributed to the development of the individual.

The aim of the Albert Schweitzer College is three-fold: to help young people to attain spiritual independence by helping them to develop a critical mind combined with clear moral and religious convictions. To study continuously the contemporary social religious and political developments in our societies; and to offer facilities for such studies and discussions to groups of older people who will come for that purpose.

The Albert Schweitzer College is essentially a religious foundation, and is supported mainly by liberal protestants in European countries, by Unitarians in England and by Unitarians and Universalists in America. It is nevertheless free from denominational ties, and adherents of any faith are welcome as students. For it is not so much the aim of the College to cater to those who already have a strong religious faith, as to encourage a thinking through of religious and ethical questions on the part of people who have lost contact with religious life in any form.

The summer session for the year 1954 is being carefully planned against the background of the experiences of the session of 1953. By the fall of 1954 the College hopes to open a regular academic year schedule. In the nine-months college curriculum there will be courses in comparative religion, sociology, philosophy, ethics, psychology, logic and international affairs. These courses will be handled in a factual way and in an analytical manner. There will not be more than two lectures a day, and the main educational emphasis will be laid on discussion group work, private study and the community living. Since the aim of the college is best expressed in the life and ethical writings of Dr. Albert Schweitzer, every effort will be made to maintain the confidence which Dr. Schweitzer has in the college and the work it is trying to do.

If any reader is further interested in the work of the college and will write me, I shall be very happy to go into further detail with you and to pass your correspondence on. If you prefer to write to the college direct, you may write to

Mr. David E. Clarke,
Executive Secretary,
Albert Schweitzer College,
Montalistr 9, Chur, Switzerland,

or to

Prof. Hans Casparis, President,
Albert Schweitzer College,

at the same address.

The college building itself needs so much to make it comfortable that one must be willing to live somewhat of a spartan life for this preliminary period. It needs furniture, carpets, central heating equipment, and an enlarged plumbing system, but when I was there I found not one word of criticism from any of the students about the inconveniences. I have never known a finer group of young people.

Prof. and Mrs. Casparis and their lovely children were an ever-present source of inspiration and enjoyment to us all.

The fine leadership of Mr. David Clarke, who is the full-time secretary of the college was apparent. His enthusiasm for the college, his interest

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

LIFE is always a challenge! I don't know where people get the idea that life should be easy, or a sweet song. I've never found it easy—not one moment of it from the beginning of my life until this present moment in this pulpit has it been easy. I don't know that I would want it to be easy.

It has been my experience that people who have found life too easy sooner or later cultivate an incompetency and an inner decay. If there is never any resistance to life, we become weaklings. The man who stands with his muscles like steel and who faces some great test of physical prowess on the football field or on the baseball diamond or on the tennis court—how did he get there? Did he just suddenly make up his mind that he would play tennis or that he would be a baseball player, and then go out and join a league? Of course not.

The man who stands before a great multitude and with the artistry and greatness of the master musician, takes a violin and upon a piece of pine, with a little glue and the inwards of a cat, together with a few hairs from a horse's tail, plays with such distinction that he sweeps the soul into heights—that man didn't just say "I guess I'll play the violin now." No. He started in, and there were days and days and hours and hours that the public never saw or heard of him. But perhaps as a little lad, straight through years and years, he worked and worked and worked toward this great hour of triumph.

There are far too many people in this world who believe that the hour of triumph is something that may come unearned. The hour of triumph never comes unearned! Behind every moment of life's victories there is a series of great experiences of life that have been building toward that victory.

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in the students, his ability to handle detail, and the facility with which he could make announcements in either English or German was deeply appreciated. Mr. Clarke is a young Cambridge University graduate and is devoting his life sacrificially to the work of Albert Schweitzer College.

We are already looking forward to going back to Churwalden. It is one of the few places in this topsy-turvy world where things of the spirit, of the mind and of the heart blend in one symphony of divine beauty.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICES OPEN

IN

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

Lawrence at Sheridan Road

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 7 P.M.

DR. BRADLEY'S SUBJECT:

"DR. KINSEY'S BOOK—HELP OR MENACE?"

Service not broadcast

FREE PARKING back of the church courtesy Kemper Insurance Company

* * *

21st SEASON OF

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES

BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

IN THE CHURCH AUDITORIUM

8 p.m.

NOV. 4—"FABULOUS CHICAGO"----------Emmett Dedmon
NOV. 11—"LAND OF STRANGERS"----------Lillian Budd
NOV. 18—"CHICAGO'S LEFT BANK"----------Alson J. Smith
NOV. 25—"WOLF POINT"----------Leonard Dubkin

* * *

ANNUAL BAZAAR OF THE PEOPLES CHURCH

THURSDAY, NOV. 5 FRIDAY, NOV. 6

Luncheon both days, 12:00 noon----------$ .50
Dinners both days, 6:00 p.m.---------- 1.50

Make a gift of anything salable. Attend the Bazaar both evenings. Bring your friends and the family to dinner. Visit, help the Bazaar by your presence, and do your Christmas Shopping without confusion or worry.

You may be able to take home with you:

Motorola TV console set, 21 in. screen
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Dormeyer Electric Coffee Pot
Dormeyer Electric Toaster
Marie Earle Fitted Cosmetic Box
Lady's Hand-made Beaded Purse
Money Bouquet
Necchi Sewing Machine, electric, portable
Dormeyer Power Chief Electric Mixer, meat grinder, fruit juicer, etc.
Woven Woolen Afghan
Hand-embroidered Linen Table Cloth and Napkins
Money Tree
Black Fur Coat (Persian Paw)

and many other beautiful items.

"I GO TO COLLEGE"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
Sunday, October 11, 1953

IF I were asked to name three of the men of our age whom I think more accurately project the Spirit of Christ than any others, I should, without any hesitancy, name the following three men. The first, the immortal Gandhi, who was not a Christian in the traditional sense at all; but it is interesting to remember that his favorite hymn was the hymn "In the Cross of Christ I Glory." I should name Gandhi, and then I should name Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell of Labrador. And the third name would be the name of the eternal Albert Schweitzer.

Probably no man since the foundation of Christianity has typified and projected more effectively the things which Christ stood for and tried to teach to the world than Dr. Schweitzer. Just to be in his presence is a benediction, projecting as he does, an almost indescribable atmosphere of devotion and sanctity, of beauty, of purity, of courage, of sincerity and of power! His personality is such, that when once you come in the aura of that personality you become utterly incapable of any low, ignoble thing! It's a beautiful thing to be the kind of personality that even bad people can't be bad when you're around! You bring a cleansing atmosphere, a purifying environment. There are people like that, and that always comes from the deep wellsprings of one's own spiritual personality. There is no way in which that can be obtained and imprisoned from without. When one has developed that quality it always makes one beautiful. Beauty is never a matter of contour; beauty has nothing to do with the shape of the nose or the ears or the mouth! Unfortunately, there are those who feel that if they can create or acquire that kind of beauty, their souls need not be beautiful! But the true beauty is the beauty that is sculptured in the personality by the greatness of the inner soul, and Dr. Schweitzer is one of those great personalities. In his presence immediately you feel that you could not possibly think anything ugly or vicious. There is an immediate challenge for you to be your best. You could not lie to him; you could not be unkind to him; you could not hurt him, something stabs you if you were to ever try with such people! It never works out well!

Dr. Schweitzer has given the world a great phrase, and it is that phrase which has become the dominating imperative of the spirit of the Albert Schweitzer College in Churwalden, in Switzerland, where I had the opportunity of spending some unforgettable days which resulted in the creation of eternal experiences in my soul! You will find Dr. Schweitzer's phrase in his book, he who is historian, philosopher, poet, theologian, musician, artist, surgeon. This many-sided man seems to be desperately restless to make himself articulate in a world confused, bewildered and tortured, and he moves through it like a great mountain would move through space—as though nothing could destroy it or hurt it! And Dr. Schweitzer's great phrase is the phrase: REVERENCE FOR LIFE! Reverence for life! That is the heart, that is the soul of his philosophy. And when we sat in St. Margaret's in West-

minster and saw this noble personality sit at an organ console, I saw those great, beautiful hands as he fondly caressed those keys with an artistry of genius such as few organists have ever possessed in this world—he who was acclaimed the greatest interpreter of Bach the world of music has ever known. And I saw those hands, clothed in rubber gloves, working over the scintillating bodies of Black men in the heart of Africa. And when someone asked him why—"Why have you given up your great career as an artist; why have you given up your great career as a great philosopher; why have you given up your great career as an historian to go down in the heat of African jungles and spend these precious years of life as you're spending them?" —Dr. Schweitzer, with a far-away look in his eyes, replied: "I'm doing it for penance! I'm doing it to demonstrate to the world that all men are members of God's family, and that the selfish and ambitious and avaricious life is not the life that will make this world God's world!" When a man of that ability and that genius will take that position, as far too few have done, but as others have done in the history of the world, will take that position and then dream a dream, it is surely an inspiration to all of us!

That dream was first outlined in the mind and heart of the interesting Dr. H. Casparis, whom I had met on three former occasions—at the International Congress of Free Religion in Amsterdam, and in Oxford—and then once again in Amsterdam, when we sat far into the night, Dr. Casparis and a group of us from far around the world, and Dr. Casparis said: "There should be a college somewhere that would inculcate and promote and promulgate the philosophy of Albert Schweitzer!" And he took the matter up with Dr. Schweitzer and Dr. Schweitzer saw the potentiality of such an institution and he gave the green light. And Dr. Casparis, a humble professor in Switzerland, former Minister of the Swiss Reform Movement in Switzerland, a great scholar, fine personality, vivacious, enthusiastic, understanding, dreamed a dream into reality, and this past summer was the opening of the Albert Schweitzer College. And across the miles of sea and land he wrote me and he said: "You must come, on this first year of the college. We hope it will have 50, 100, 500 years, but you must come to Switzerland this year and you must help us in the college!" I could not refuse! I accepted his invitation. And so, on our way to Switzerland we went down the Rhine from Holland, after going into the Continent of Europe from the hook of Holland, then down the Rhine on that beautiful journey! But I am still convinced that there are places on the Hudson, there are spots on the upper Mississippi, that are just as beautiful as anything I saw on the Rhine. Of course, we do not have the background of history; we do not have the accumulation of the centuries; we do not have the ancient castles, but we have the natural beauty just as lovely, I think. And then arriving in Chur, Switzerland, in the night and in a terrific downpour of rain we got into a little car and drove 16 miles in the night up into the mountains, to the little village of Churwalden nestled there in sheer loveliness, looking out upon snow-capped peaks and rugged hills. It all seemed so strange to go up there in the dark and in the night.

When we looked out of our window with the first break of dawn and saw the Swiss mountains, the ancient words came back to me: "The hills, from whence cometh my strength!" I wish

you all could have seen the Albert Schweitzer College! It's an old Swiss hotel. There was no money—nothing—but they were able to get a very lovely building, and it has seen great days. It's a beautiful building! The room which Mrs. Bradley and I had, didn't even have a chair in it, and our bags had to be put on the floor. There wasn't a carpet or a rug in the entire building! The bathroom was on the third floor down, and we had to walk the three floors. There wasn't a carpet in the hall; there wasn't a shade on a window, there was just the shell of a building. A dining room on the main floor had been outfitted for the students, and an auditorium for the lectures had been established on the main floor of the building of the Albert Schweitzer College. But there it was in its crudeness, in its poverty, and in its richness.

Do you know what we had for breakfast every morning? Bread and cheese! Bread and cheese! And the students would assemble at the breakfast table and sing in their own languages their little words of thanks for bread and cheese! We had pretty good soup for dinner—the Swiss make excellent soup! But we lived very frugally. It was a rare thing to have anything that approximated a dessert, except fresh fruits—and probably that's the best dessert in the world. But here was a group of young men and young women—the youngest about 16, the oldest, a pastor and his wife, who I should say were about 50—and this group came from 7 countries, including the United States of America! There were Roman Catholics and Protestants and people without any tradition of religion. There was every creed represented, and almost every country of Europe represented in that group. Every day was filled with lectures, hikes, mountain climbing, bathing pools and all the things that go with a group of that kind, in lovely Switzerland. But the main thing was the seriousness of the group in trying to find a way to create an atmosphere for reverence for life!

It was very difficult for me to give my lectures there because I speak only three languages perfectly—North Chicago, South Chicago and English! So it was very difficult for me because I would have to speak a few sentences and then they would be translated into German, then into French and then translated into Dutch. And you can see the difficulties which one has who doesn't use a manuscript and who speaks entirely from inspiration, and who depends upon the audience for much of that inspiration; the difficult time I had, to break the continuity of my thoughts every few minutes and listen to three languages—which I couldn't understand! I'm awfully glad that there wasn't a stenographic report made of my lectures! Then of course they would be succeeded by a seminar, in which the students would ask me questions, and we would discuss together some of the things that I was trying to say.

Now the college has great dreams for the future! It is not a college which is going to give Degrees in Law or Medicine or Theology; it is a college of the humanities, a supplementary college to the professional activities, and available to all who want to come in contact with the basic philosophical approach to the higher problems of humanity. It is a supplementary college! And if any young people want to go to the Albert Schweitzer College in Switzerland this summer, will you kindly contact me? I will be very happy to make it available for you. There will be improvements next year because

they are getting some money—they need a great deal of money. They need some furniture, and they need some rugs, and they need some carpets, and they need some heating, and they need a great many things. They have just this little dream; but oh, what a dream! Never once did I meet one of the students, no matter what their own cultural or racial background was, who wasn't completely buoyant with the possibility of a better Europe and a better world! I heard not one young person make one announcement of defeatism. There wasn't a young student there who didn't say: "We haven't a problem and the world hasn't a problem, that we cannot solve!" And not one of them even ever intimated, at anytime, in any seminar or any discussion, that war—either in Europe or for the world—was inevitable or that war was the solution of the problem! Not one! I came out of my experience with that institution with an imprint of the personalities and the type of people who were there, and I'm quite sure that Ethel Wells Smalley, our Secretary and the Associate Editor of the Liberalist, who was there at the Albert Schweitzer College and who knows the situation as I am giving it to you will agree with me, and I'm quite sure that Mrs. Bradley will confirm every idea which I have given you about our reaction and the importance of that college! And what is it?

Education is not knowledge. The best educated persons may not possess the most knowledge. Some of the most stupid people I have ever known have "known" the most!

Education is not merely an accumulation of knowledge; that is only a part of it. The truly educated person is the wholly integrated personality. No person is truly educated until they possess a completely integrated personality. That means that they are in control of every given situation; that means that not only do they possess intellectual alertness, but they possess moral stability and physical stamina. And the completely educated person is the integrated personality! That is exactly the ideal of the Albert Schweitzer College! And as the years come on, and the youth of Europe enroll in ever-increasing numbers—for the College received European acclaim this past summer—from every race and every country of Europe, I think expansion will be necessary, even this summer! And the mere fact that they are beginning to understand common humanity, that's where Albert Schweitzer begins with his REVERENCE FOR LIFE! Before a person is a Roman Catholic; before he is a Jew; before he is a Presbyterian or a Methodist; before he is a German or a Frenchman or an American; before *any* of us are *any of the things* that sometimes *we think we are,* we are *first of all human beings!* And if we can all begin there on our common humanity—that we're all children of God, members of the family of the Divine—the spirit of Albert Schweitzer, in his REVERENCE FOR LIFE, will lay the foundation for a warless world and men will beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks, and build the Kingdom of God upon this earth! There is no greater task; there is nothing more important—nothing!

BOOK CHATS

A GREAT furor arose not long ago over some textbooks being used in our schools. From newspapers, radios, lecture platforms and pulpits came charges that subversive teachings were cropping up in classrooms.

Parents were horrified, as well they might be, at the idea that their own sons and daughters might be unconsciously absorbing some alien "party line." Investigations were made and, in some cases, wholesale book bannings were effected.

Because of this outcry, many people have become suspicious of the entire field of education, failing to perceive that our school systems have many effective weapons in fighting anti-democratic influences.

One outstanding example of efforts to fight the host of "isms" threatening the classroom is a booklet being released to high schools this fall. Called "Democracy Challenges Totalitarianism," it is a chapter from a forthcoming textbook on world problems to be published next fall by Rand McNally.

Why did the publishing company go to the trouble and expense of bringing out this chapter separately? "Because we feel," said a Rand McNally spokesman, "that this is one of the finest pieces of writing we've ever seen on this subject. And because the material, as treated in this booklet, is needed desperately in schools right now."

In one sense, "Democracy Challenges Totalitarianism" is a dictionary of world politics. It defines big words and big ideas in terms that have meaning to high school students. For example, totalitarianism is called "A general term for a wide variety of dictatorships, principally because they control by force, by extensive bureaucracy, and by secret police the total extent of one's life from birth to death —a death often premature and hurried."

But authors Lavone Hanna and John R. Carr do far more than merely define words and ideas. Their booklet speaks up for democracy while stripping away the fallacies and pretenses of totalitarianism, revealing it in all its ugliness. Using Communism, Nazism, and Fascism as examples, the authors point out the causes of dictatorships, the means by which a Hitler or Stalin rises to power, and the threat these dictators present to the democratic peoples of the world.

Under the general heading "Russian Communism Enslaves and Degrades People," the rise of Russia's terrible "social experiment" is examined. After explaining the core of Karl Marx's complex doctrine in plain language, the progress of Communism is traced through the revolution of 1917, the NEP of the twenties, the five year plans, and the military conquests. The evils and abuses of the Communistic regime are clearly pictured.

The same treatment is given Nazism in Germany and Fascism in Italy. Hitler's phenomenal rise to power, his ruthless philosophy, his design for world enslavement are shown. The tactics of Mussolini, resulting in the demoralization of Italy, are similarly described.

In discussing the aims and methods of democracy, the authors show it as an ever-changing concept of government but one that holds, at all times, that the rights of the individual are para-

mount. At the same time, they demonstrate how easily those rights can be abused, especially at the hands of dictators.

At the end of the booklet the authors have added an impressive point-by-point comparison of the two systems. The values of democracy are brought home emphatically in the comparison of family life, religion, education, government, etc., as practiced under both systems.

"Democracy Challenges Totalitarianism" does a fine job of alerting young people to the dangers of greedy, slave governments. At the same time it presents a valuable blueprint for being a good American citizen. In fact, it might well be used as a "refresher course" in democracy for adults.

* * *

The National Book Award Committee has announced the three five-man boards of judges for the 1954 National Book Awards.

The fiction jury consists of David Dempsey, Leon Edel, Mary McCarthy, Arthur Mizener, and Gerald Sykes. The nonfiction judges are Dr. Detlev W. Bronk, Erwin D. Canham, Bernard DeVoto, William Dix, and Harold Lasswell. In poetry, Katharine Garrison Chapin, John Crowe Ransom, Norman Holmes Pearson, Delmore Schwartz, and Richard Wilbur will serve.

The selections of the boards of judges will be announced at the fifth National Book Award presentation ceremonies which will take place at New York's Hotel Commodore on January 26, 1954.

The members of the fiction jury are all writers. David Dempsey has had short stories and articles in many national magazines, is co-author of "Uncommon Valor," and was for three-and-a-half years the literary columnist for the New York "Times." Leon Edel is a critic and teacher, and author of the recent biography, "Henry James: The Untried Years." Mary McCarthy is a short story writer and novelist whose most recent novel is "The Groves of Academe." Arthur Mizener is a professor of English at Cornell University, a critic, and author of "The Far Side of Paradise," a biography of F. Scott Fitzgerald. The fifth member of the fiction jury, Gerald Sykes, is a critic and novelist whose most recent novel is "The Nice American."

The members of the nonfiction jury are all authorities in their particular fields. Dr. Detlev W. Bronk was the president of Johns Hopkins University from 1949 to 1953, and is now director of The Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. Erwin D. Canham is the editor of the "Christian Science Monitor," a radio news analyst, and author of "Awakening: the World at Mid-Century." Bernard DeVoto is a Pulitzer Prize winner, columnist for "Harper's" magazine, and winner of last year's nonfiction National Book Award for his book, "The Course of Empire." William Dix is the Librarian of Princeton University and former chairman, American Library Association Committee on Intellectual Freedom. Harold Lasswell is a political scientist, the author of a number of books, and a professor of Law at Yale University.

The members of the poetry jury are all well-known in the world of poetry. Katherine Garrison Chapin is a critic and the author of a number of volumes of poetry. John Crowe Ransom, who was given the Bollingen Award for Poetry in 1950, is the editor of the "Kenyon Review." Norman Holmes Pearson is a professor of English at Yale University and co-editor, with W. H. Auden, of the five-volume "Poets of the English Language." Del-

more Schwartz is a poet, critic, short-story writer, and an associate editor of the "Partisan Review." Richard Wilbur, whose latest book is "Ceremony and Other Poems," is an assistant professor of English at Harvard University.

1954 will be the fifth successive year in which the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association, and the Book Manufacturers' Institute have joined together to sponsor the National Book Awards. During these years the awards, backed by the whole book world, have become among the most important in the country.

* * *

If you know a family where there is a little girl (or even one where there has been a little girl who is there no more) no finer gift could be found for that family than an inexpensive tiny book (inexpensive as books go—only $1.75) which has just been published by Doubleday & Company, October 8th. The title is a simple one—"Snowflake." The author, Paul Gallico. It seems strange that anyone who is so very masculine looking and virile could write such a fascinatingly tender and delicate story.

Paul Gallico, a New Yorker by birth, became a newspaperman as soon as he graduated from Columbia. He became a well-known sports writer. He wrote "Farewell to Sport," and went abroad to devote his entire time to fiction. He became the author of many successful novels and short stories. You may remember "The Snow Goose," a tale of Dunkirk, or "The Small Miracle," the charming story of an orphan and his sick donkey.

If you have ever heard Angela Morgan read her poem "Water," you will be apt to recall it as the story of "Snowflake" unfolds and gives a universal breadth to the whole thought and meaning of life and its oneness.

This is a beautiful book to read aloud to children, but it should be read by one who reads beautifully. The publisher truly says of it: "A book of the century . . . the story is told with filigree delicacy and freshness. It has something far more than charm, something endearing and beautiful which will make it an influence as well as a delight."

The illustrations by David Knight and Reisie Lonette are delicate and exquisite.

* * *

"Self-Portraits by Children" from 25 different countries will be on exhibit in the Randolph Street Corridor of the Chicago Public Library, beginning November 2 and continuing through November 23.

Dr. Erich Kastner, who was a member of the jury that prepared the exhibit, wrote: "Children, no matter to what country or race they belong, can learn to know one another through their drawings and paintings. The water-colors and pastels hanging on the walls are the vocabulary to the Esperanto of art that serves to create understanding among all." Each painting is accompanied by a photograph of the child and information about his age and country.

COMMUNITY THANKSGIVING SERVICE

Thanksgiving Morning, November 26th, 11 a.m. to 12:00 noon, The Country Church of the City (Granville Avenue Methodist), Rev. Benjamin M. Will, Pastor; and the Assyrian Congregational Church, Rev. Paul S. Newey, Pastor; as well as North Shore Kiwanis, the Uptown Lions Club, and other civic organizations of the city, will unite with us in the service. Dr. Bradley will preach the Thanksgiving Sermon and the Rev. Will and Rev. Newey will assist in the service, which will be broadcast by WJJD direct from the pulpit of the church.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

MY first experience with a foreign-speaking person this summer occurred in the plane, as I went by Swissair from London to Zurich, Switzerland. It was lunchtime and the weather had become a bit choppy. When the pretty French-speaking stewardess brought my tray, and as I reached for the cup of coffee, she said, "Eef eet ees rough, poot eet down!" I must have remained in a listening attitude too long, the words sounded so sweet coming from her pretty lips, so she repeated the phrase again, with an added emphasis on the last word. It was well to heed the advice, for if I had not, the coffee would have washed my face instead of quenching my thirst. Oh! that delicious coffee, after London! Now I love London and my dear friends there, but coffee is almost prohibitive because of the high price, so one might as well admit it first as last, I did not have a good cup of coffee during my twelve days in England. For that matter, rarely did I have a good cup of coffee in Switzerland, except when I bought powdered Nescafe and poured hot water on it. This I learned to enjoy.

When I arrived at the Zurich Airport, a very beautiful airport by the way, and one from which planes leave in every direction for destinations on the continent, I said to the pilot's assistant that I had enjoyed the nice trip. He said he hoped my next one would be smoother. We had had some rain and quite a bit of hail and a little roughness, but it didn't seem too bad to me. I had enjoyed it immensely, watching the magnificent cloud effects (daring to take snapshot pictures out the window of this swiftly flying machine) and interested in the pattern way below, seen through the clouds occasionally, reminding me of a pattern in wooden inlay work, so regular in outline were the fields below.

Once I thought I was looking straight down into the tops of a forest of dark green trees, with what appeared to be some patches of powdered cement thrown here and there among the tree-tops. But a fellow-passenger told me I was looking right down into the Channel and the white patches were the whitecaps. The Channel being very choppy, the "patches" did not appear to be in a sufficiently regular formation to be waves, even after I knew they were. Sometimes in the far distance a group of clouds would look like jagged cliffs.

As we started to descend from our several thousand feet up, my ears began to crack and hurt. Just then the assistant pilot came through with chewing gum, making his jaws move to show us what we should do. He mumbled something I could not understand and then the pretty stewardess said "Eeet weel mak ze pain stop!" so I took some, and it did.

Having a short wait until traintime in Zurich, I took a little walk, through a downtown park, then, as it began to rain, I hurried down a shopping thoroughfare toward the ticket office. Two shops caught my eye and caused

me to windowshop, rain or no. You have probably guessed it. The first was a jeweler's window with the exquisite Swiss watches, some set in rings, where one lifted the jeweled part to find a tiny watch no larger than the end of the little finger. It is said some tourists miss the mountains in Switzerland, for looking in the jeweler's windows.

The other shop was a confectioner's window. Never, anywhere, in all my life have I seen fancy, tiny cakes such as were there. One evening, much later, I was to combine two of these cakes with a cup of hot chocolate and find that one could have too much of a good thing. Fortunately I walked and climbed so much that even all the hot chocolate, the chocolate candy, the sweet cakes, the delicious cheese, sweet butter, cream and "bread like mother used to make" did not add a pound to my weight, for which I was very grateful, for even if they had done so, I'm quite sure I would not have resisted.

The train ride from Luzern to Interlaken was beautiful beyond description. We went up over Mt. Rigi and here again my ears told me we were in a high altitude, and I could hear the brakes grinding as we came down. I saw many, many beautiful, narrow, steep falls across the lake, high up on the mountainsides.

This trip was interesting from the point of people I met—a dear Mrs. Roelli, from Blackpoole, England, who was going to join her husband in Switzerland. He was very ill and needed the change which Switzerland was giving him. She was joining him so that he might be willing to stay in Switzerland longer than he otherwise might have done. They had just had their home all complete just as they wanted it, all so comfortable, then this had happened. He had been quite a trouble in his illness, but now that he had been away for awhile, she found how much she missed him. She was a bit introspective and wondered if one couldn't keep too closely at home, depending too much on the immediate family. Then if something happened to break up the family, one felt completely at a loss, as she did; and she wondered if it was good. Well, Dr. Bradley reminded us in his talk at the opening of the Woman's Club, that while we cling to the old friends we must not neglect the new ones either. For old friends must sometime leave us and, like Mrs. Roelli, if we have no others, we are alone indeed. As we parted at Zurich, Mrs. Roelli gave me a cordial invitation to Blackpoole, if I ever came to England again.

Then a Swiss lady spoke of the wintertime when snow covered everything and said that the snow is beautiful in winter "but terrible. Not only the mountains are covered but everything is all white." But I know it must be exquisitely beautiful, for many others have told me it is. As Don Blanding says, "Joy Is An Inside Job." It's what we bring with us that governs what we see.

My diary for July 11th says: "5:30 a.m. Have been awake since 4:00 a.m., perfectly rested, ready to get up—want to buy some draperies like the ones on my hotel room window. I have been watching the morning break in the valley (at Interlaken) from my bedroom window. To my joy and surprise the sun is trying to break through the mists on the mountains. To the left from my lattice window there is a row of houses 'bang against' the foot of a heavily wooded mountain. Straight ahead, across the valley floor the sun is doing its best with the billowing banks of cloud and mist, as they rise upward from the front of the moun-

tains, and a faint outline of the top rim appears. A shaft of light from the sun, like an enormous searchlight, plays diagonally downward toward the Hotel Savoy to the right.

"I open the window and lean out and note that the end of the Savoy, across a narrow street is rounded like a huge bay window and at right angles a street curves out toward another towering mountain at the right, which reaches higher toward the sky than the one on my left."

It was on this morning that I was introduced to the Continental breakfast: rolls, marmalade, butter and beverage.

I sent seven post cards and discovered the cards and mailing had come to 75c, though the cards themselves had not cost but 5c apiece. I was later to discover that in Switzerland one pays for what one gets. I had written long messages on these post cards. If I wanted to send them at a post card rate, I was only allowed to use five words in addition to my signature. After all, one way you look at it that is quite sensible. It is somewhat akin to the London system on the trolley buses. You pay a fare in accordance with the distance you ride. Sometimes I paid "tuppence," sometimes "thruppence" and once it was 8½ cents. Here in Chicago I pay 20c whether I ride five blocks or 70 blocks. So I began to think of five-word phrases that were not too stilted, and found it wasn't a simple matter. They sometimes came out like this "Weather terrible. Pray for sunshine." The next card might read: "Sunshine today. Stop praying." After that last one it always started raining the next day.

By trolleybus I now went out to the little village of Hilterfingen, on Lac du Thun—a beautiful ride on a paved highway on the side of a mountain. Now and then we went through short arched tunnels in the mountainside, around sharp curves with gorgeous views of lake and snow-capped peaks and lovely, deep blue sky. At the end of an hour's ride, my young guide put my grips down at the feet of Miss Rose von Allmen, at the Inquiry Office in Hilterfingen. She gave him a quick message, he got back on the bus and here I was at the little village where I had planned to stay for at least a month. So now, while Miss von Allmen looks me over and I survey Miss von Allmen, we will look into the Mail Bag:

* * *

First of all, out popped a very colorful post card, stamped Calais, Maine. Against a green woods background was a white signpost with nine markers on it, as follows: "Norway 14 mi.; Paris 15 mi.; Denmark 23 mi.; Naples 23 mi.; Sweden 25 mi.; Poland 27 mi.; Mexico 37 mi.; Peru 46 mi.; China 94 mi." It was signed "The Springers."

That card so intrigued me that I got out the Atlas, found the map of Maine, and after discovering S. Paris, So. China and Belfast, I decided to leave the rest up to the readers.

* * *

One of the young students at Churwalden, who was at the Albert Schweitzer College when Dr. Bradley was there, wrote an interesting letter. He would like to secure work in this country, so that he could come here and live for a sufficient time to enable him to go into the foreign service of his country:

Dear Dr. Preston Bradley:

Since you invited me to write to you I am going to give our correspondence the inceptive drive, hoping that you and your wife meanwhile have got back to Chicago (and you certainly regretted that the surroundings

changed from Swiss mountains into skyscrapers) and that you enjoyed the journey from the moment you left Churwalden to the minute you reached your home.

I want to thank you once more for the excellent lecture you gave us on actual politics, especially from the side of the United States. I feel that we profited to a very great extent by hearing your statements and your profoundly positive attitude in concern to Germany's efforts on its way back into the western family of peoples and to a sound standard of economy.

When I had translated one of your lectures in Churwalden, a German girl said to me: "In this lecture was the common sense that Parliaments lack." Perhaps that was generalizing a bit, but the fact exists that Europe today lives on the political and military credit the U.S.A. has in this world. Try to think if the U.S. were not existent, of the *state the whole European youth would be in in one day!* I myself would then prefer Dante's Inferno to live in.

Now I think I should stop talking politics and ask your help and advice. I wrote to the Institute of Languages and Linguistics (Georgetown, Washington, D.C.) with the idea of starting there to study English. I know the Institute has had many students from abroad within its walls and at present is working on the undergraduate level. Some time ago I was offered several good positions as a teacher of German for Americans dependents, but when they learned I have never been in an English-speaking country I was rejected.

Since I shall go into my country's foreign service I have to live for a period of time in the U.S. or Canada. Now, since the Institute of Languages told me that I could not work part-time to earn my expenses I want to work for one year in the U.S.A. I should like to do any work, including that of a packer, or car-washer or assistant to a C.P.A. (what I previously did here in Germany) or as a lumberjack, with but one aim: to be able then to attend the college in Washington, so as to be an expert in English and on the American structure of economy.

In the last months I worked very hard, so I am now able to buy a ticket to cross the ocean. What I need I think is a contract of work, to be able to get to the U.S.A. and thus to approach my final aim.

What information can you give me and can you help me in this concern?

If you should come over to Europe once more this year, may I invite you to come to Lollar to spend a few days here so that we could talk things over.

Should a young member of your church, male or female, like to come over to Europe for some time, I would like to offer them an invitation. Since the location of Lollar in regard to academic study is a most favorable one (12 miles to Marburg, 5 miles to Giessen), with all the subjects of University standard at Marburg, and chemistry, physics, agricultural science, medicine, engineering in Giessen, it perhaps could be an exceptional offer to a student of your parish.

He or she could live here with my parents, brothers and sisters, and could learn what Germany is like. Perhaps there may be someone who is interested.

With the best wishes, which I want to forward to your wife, too, I thank you in advance.

Your devoted ex-interpreter,
Bernhard Schwalm.

Dr Bradley has the complete address of this young student. Should anyone

who reads this be interested in offering him work in this country or should some ambitious student here wish to take advantage of this offer, get in touch with the church office.

* * *

People so often form definite ideas about subjects entirely from hearsay. I know I do so. Especially is this true on the subject of Homes for elderly people. Mrs. May Neu, a member of the Peoples Church, and known to many of our readers, recently wrote a paper to be read at the Welles Park Woman's Club. It concerned her life at the Bethany Methodist Home at 5015 N. Paulina Street. Mrs. May H. Harrison, the Peoples Church Secretary, helped Mrs. Neu get into the Home, and so it is of course a great satisfaction to Dr. Bradley to know that Mrs. Neu is very happy in her surroundings there.

Mrs. Neu sent Dr. Bradley a copy of the paper she had written, sent a contribution to the church, and told of having just returned from a visit to her sister in Seaford, Long Island. Here are some quotations from the paper about the Bethany Methodist Home:

"After the death of Mr. Neu in February, 1950, I applied for entrance into Bethany Home in March of that year, was accepted by the Board Members in April, and in May of 1951 I was admitted. After living from pillar to post for over a year, I was indeed glad to be called then, and was in a position to adjust myself very readily to all its rules and regulations.

"I soon got very busy, as the yearly Festival was to be in June, so I made a few things for that affair. There is always something going on for our pleasure, and for benefits for the Home.

"Meals are excellent and plenty. You can always have an Oliver Twist—'Please, sir, give me some more.'

"The Ladies Aid of the different churches . . . hold a meeting each month . . . always a lovely program . . . and all those having a birthday that month are invited to sit at the Birthday Table, always beautifully decrated by our Matron, Mrs. Borgman. There is a birthday cake with candles, and we are served coffee, candy, cookies, and there is a little birthday token. Everyone looks forward to these parties and responds readily. . . .

"The members of the Home are nice and friendly. If one is lonesome it is of their own choice.

"In case of illness, the doctors and nurses are most kind, and do all they can to make one comfortable.

"So many people seem to have a horror of a Home, but such thoughts are soon expelled when one finds out it is the best thing one can do when left all alone and wondering what to do.

"Various church societies give us parties and programs for all the holidays. . . . In almost every month there is some celebration in the afternoon, with special treats.

"Then too, we have our own occupational therapy room, where you can go and learn to weave on the looms (of which there are four) making rugs, table pads, scarfs, etc. Also we weave rattan baskets and other novelties—in fact learn to make many nice things, under the leadership of our own Mr. Nolty, a paralytic in a wheel chair, and a very capable person.

"I am so happy I came here, and never cease to thank God for leading me here. I have made many nice friends. So, my dear friends, when and if ever the time comes for you to be alone, and you must choose between a Home and loneliness, get into a Home somewhere, and if possible come to Bethany Home. Visitors are always welcome. Our Superintendent, Rev.

B. W. Selin, will always give you any information.

Cheerfully submitted,

Mrs. Mary Neu, a Home Member."

Well, there you have it, right from one who knows from experience of the satisfaction and content one may find from cheerful co-operation, in an environment which at first was strange and new. As. Dr. Bradley often says, "What you get out of any situation, depends on the attitude you bring with you." Three other members of our church are in a Home on the South Side of the city and are equally as happy and contented as is Mrs. Neu. It is good to hear from people who have had the experience. It helps to offset the wrong impressions we sometimes get from those who have never had the experience but think they know all about it. More and more are Homes becoming like hotels for permanent guests. And in the case of Bethany, there is the occupational therapy added, from which one can get a real interest in life.

Dr. Bradley's Engagements

SEPTEMBER

10—Address. Michigan Real Estate Association, Hotel Pantlind, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

13—Address. Dedication of Highland Hospital, Belvidere, Illinois.

20—Opening Sunday Service, Peoples Church . 42nd Year.
Tabernacle Baptist Church award to Dr. Bradley in recognition of his work for Brotherhood.
Address. Willard Methodist Church, Oak Park, Illinois.

22—Conference.
Address. Maywood Business and Professional Woman's Club. Casa Nova Restaurant, Oak Park.

23—Funeral
Address. Bloom High School. P.T.A. Chicago Heights.

24—Funeral.
Wedding.
Address. Opening Dinner. Friends of Literature, Art Institute, Chicago.

25—Sick calls.

26—Three weddings
Attendance at funeral of Dr. Wm. Clyde Howard.

27—Morning Sermon. Peoples Church.
Address. Greater Bethesda Baptist Church.

28—Opening Address. Woman's Club of Peoples Church. Sheraton Hotel.
Opening Address. Men's Club of Peoples Church.

29—Attended Ft. Dodge Kiwanis Club to hear exchange students speak of their experiences in Germany and Holland.
Radio address. Ft. Dodge Station.
Address. Banquet. I.W.L.A. Chapter Club House, Ft. Dodge, Iowa.

30—Visited campus Iowa State College and TV station.
Address. Banquet, Memorial Union Bldg., Iowa State University.

FUNERALS

23—Mrs. Tillie Kahn

24—Mary Willeumeier

WEDDINGS

24—Clella Stamper and John Lawrence

26—Louise O. Krueger and Henry H. Hyler

Sonya Diane Zitzewitz and Hal Frederic Beyer, Jr.

Doris Lloyd and Dave Fraser

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941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mrs. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent..... 9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast WJJD.....11:00 a.m.

Sunday Evening Service—Not Broadcast..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Monday, Nov. 2, Annual Donation Tea—Mrs. Preston Bradley... 1:00 p.m.

Monday, Nov. 16, American Citizenship Department..... 1:00 p.m.

Men's Club—Monday, Nov. 26..... 8:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club, Nov. 10..... 8:00 p.m.

Drama Tea—Nov. 8, Geoffrey Lardner, Jane Lilli and Crescent Players..... 4:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam*

Channing Club, 1st and 3rd Friday..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals, Every Thursday in the Church Auditorium..... 8:00 p.m.

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